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Is that really how I want to spend the rest of my days? Behind a cash register?

Last night my daughter asked, what would I want to do if there were no other factors to consider? I went blank. So she asked, what do I enjoy? I told her, I don't know. She then asked, what did I want to do when I was in high school and looking forward to college? I answered that one easily: I wanted to teach English. She asked me what is holding me back from going back to college and finishing up that degree. I told her, although I would love to teach English, the thought of dealing with a classroom full of unruly kids makes my skin crawl. She then informed me that there are other things you can do with a teaching degree. She pointed out that there are people who need help with reading and writing and words, and it doesn't have to be in the normal school setting. The picture formed in my mind of a room full of old people in the rec room of a nursing home, all crumpled up in their wheelchairs, and me happily reading stories to them and playing cards! My daughter gave me that "Oh, Mommy" look, and touched my hand gently, and said, Mommy, that's something you can do, but that's more of a volunteer job. Let's stay focused on what you can do with a degree in English.

I was intrigued. It was past midnight, but that didn't matter. I got up and made some coffee. When I came back to the room, she had found a website that listed all kinds of options. Humanitarian things. Meaningful things. Helpful things. To do with a degree! Go figure!

She read through a list of options and none of them sounded good. That is, until she got to the one about helping adults to read better. Brain injury people. I kid you not.

THERE IS A JOB FOR THAT.

That's it. I'm going back to school.

I'm finishing up what I started back in 1988. I have 2 years of credits already. I haven't been since '90, though. My daughter said that there's a chance some of my credits are too old to transfer. Transfer where? Oh I have so much work to do! There's people out there who got knocked upside the head who need me! I can make learning fun for them! Reading! Writing! Vocabulary! Spelling! THE WORLD IS MY OYSTER!!!!!!

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The only problem is, it's going to take me forever. For starters, I still need to find employment. My standards are falling fast. I almost applied at a 24 hour drugstore just now. I almost hit "send". But I stopped myself. One of their requirements is that you are available ALL THE TIME. Are you kidding me? When will I sleep? They'll have me scheduled in the middle of the night selling cigarettes to sleepless nightowls who'll sit in their car and watch me. Oh yes they will. And I'll end up either missing, or start dating them. Either way, working at a 24-hour place will almost automatically result in some form of doom for me.

So just now I made a fresh pot of coffee and I'm typing up this quick post before I go back out and find a nearby place that will sustain me, safely, while I go ahead and get an education so I can

inspire people who think there's no hope for them anymore because the light went off inside their head. You know, I don't know where the switch is, but I do know we all have one. Sometimes it can be turned on by your own hand, and sometimes it comes on gradually on it's own. But more often than not, you need a helping hand. I think I can be that for someone.

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So it appears that I'm back to these random scrapbook entries that mean nothing to anyone except myself. Like I said, I'm a free woman. It feels good. I can't wait to get that camera. There's going to be... a SHOW.

Stock up on popcorn and get ready. I can't say when, because I'm still broke, and even if I could afford a camera right now my conscience would not allow me to play until I have a job again.